



On Campus with Max Shulman

(By the author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!"
"Dobie Gillis," etc.)

"M" IS FOR THE MANY THINGS YOU'LL TEACH HER

Nobody will dispute—surely not I—that raising children is a task which requires full time and awesome skills. Nonetheless, a recent nationwide survey has revealed a startling fact: mothers who go back to work after their children are safely through the early years are notably happier, better adjusted, and more fulfilled than mothers who simply remain housewives. Moreover—and mark this well—the children of such working mothers are themselves happier, better adjusted, and more fulfilled!

All very well, you say, but what's it got to do with you? Isn't it obvious? If you are underachieving at college, get your mother a job.

What kind of job? Well sir, your mother is probably between 35 and 50 years of age, so certain occupations must immediately be ruled out. Logging, for example. Or whaling. Or carhopping.

But don't despair. There are other kinds of jobs—not many, to be sure, but some. However, you must not stick Mom in just any old job. You must remember that after the excitement of raising you, she would be bored to tears as a file clerk, for instance, or as a doorman. (A doorman, as we all know, is someone who brings handfuls of water to track layers. With the recent invention of the pail, doormen are gradually falling into technological unemployment.)

But I digress. I was saying, find Mom a job worthy of her talents, something challenging that uses her vast wisdom and experience but, at the same time, is not too hard on her obsolescing tissues. That's what Walter Sigafoos did, and the results were brilliantly successful.

Walter, a sophomore at the Upper Maryland College of Wickerwork and Belles Lettres, majoring in raffia, approached the problem scientifically. First he asked himself what his mother did best. Well sir, what she did best was to keep hollering, "Dress warm, Walter!"

At first glance this seemed a skill not widely in demand, but Walter was not discouraged. He sent out hundreds of inquiries and today, I am pleased to report, his mother is happily employed as wardrobe mistress for the Montreal Canadiens.

Another fortunate venture was that of Frank C. Grasmire, a junior at the Oregon State Conservatory of Music and Optometry, majoring in sties. Frank, like Walter, did a survey in depth of his mother's talents. Chief among them, he found, was her ability to make a roast of beef feed the whole family for three days. So, naturally, Frank got her a job at the Museum of Natural History.

What has one to do with the other, you ask? Isn't it obvious? Anyone who can stretch ribs like that belongs in paleontology.



I cannot conclude this column without saying a few words about Personna Super Stainless Steel Blades. The reason I cannot is that this column is sponsored by the makers of Personna Super Stainless Steel Blades, and they are inclined to get peckish if I omit to mention their product.

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